

GREENES

VISION:

Written at the instant of his
death.

*Conteyning a penitent passion for
the folly of his Pen.*

Sero sed serio.



Imprinted at London for *Thomas
Newman*, and are to be sould at his shop
in Fleetstreete, in Saint Dunstons
Churchyard.

G R E E N E

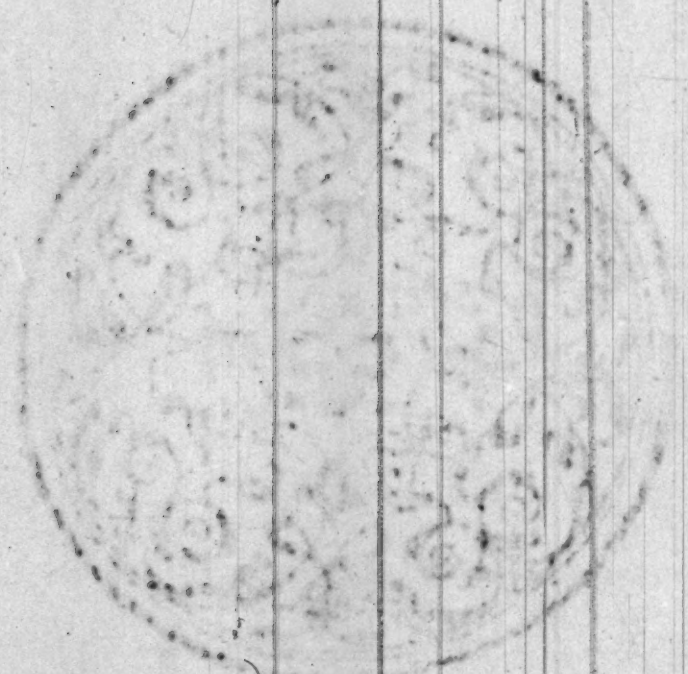
1870

Wm. Greener

Comptroller of the Treasury

U. S. Department of the Treasury

Washington



Printed at the Treasury Department

Washington

1870



To the right worshipfull and his e-
speciall good friend, M. Nicholas San-
ders of Ewell Esquier, T. Newman wish-
eth all felicitie,



ERE I as able as I am willing (Right
Worshipfull) to shewe my selfe
thankful for your manie kindnesse
extended vnto me, some more ac-
complisht Dedication then this, should haue
offred it selfe to your iudiciall view at this instant.
It was one of the last workes of a wel known Au-
thor, therefore I hope it will be more acceptable.
Manie haue published repentaunces vnder his
name, but none more vnfeigned then this, being
euerie word of his owne: his own phrase, his own
method. The experience of many vices brought
forth this last vision of vertue. I recommend it in-
tirely to your worships euen ballancing censure.
None haue more insight then you into matters
of wit. All men of Art acknowledge you to bee

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

an especiall *Mecenas*, and supporter of learning in these her despised latter daies. I am one that haue no interest in knowledge, but the inseperate loue that I beare to them that professe it : That attendant loue on good letters, striues to honor you in whome Art is honoured. I thinke not this pamphlet any way proportionable in woorth with your worshippinges patronage : but it is my desire to yeelde some encrease to your fame in anie thing that I shall imprint. Thus wishing to your worshippe that felicitie and contentment, which your owne best gouerned thoughtes doe aime at, I most humblie take my leaue.

Your VVorships most bounden

T. Newman.





To the Gentlemen Readers, *Health.*



Gentlemen, in a vision before my death, I foresee that I am like to sustaine the shame of many follies of my youth, when I am shrowded in my winding sheete. O let not iniurious tongues triumph ouer a dead carcase. Now I am sick, and sorrow hath wholly seized on me: vaine I haue beene, let not other men shewe themselves vaine in reproching my vanitie. I craue pardon of you all, if I haue offended any of you with laciuous Pamphletting. Many things I haue wrote to get money, which I could otherwise wish to be suppress: Pouertie is the father of innumerable infirmities: in seeking to salue priuate wantes, I haue made my selfe a publique laughing stock. Hee that commeth in Print, setteth himselfe vp as a common marke for every one to shoote at: I haue shotte at many abuses, ouer shoue my selfe in describing of some: where truth failed, my inuention hath stood my friend. God forgive me all my misdeameanours: now in the best lust of my yeares, death I feare will depriue me of any further proceeding in securitie. This booke hath many things, which I would not haue written
on

To the Reader.

on my Tombe: I write this last, let it be my last will
and testament. Farewell, if I liue you shall heare of
me in deuinitie, in the meane time, accept
the will for the deede, and speake
well of me when I am
dead.

Yours dying.

Robert Greene.





GREENES VISION.



After I was burdened with
the penning of the Cōbler of
Canterbury, I wared passing
melancholy, as grievung that
either I shold be wrong with
enue, or wronged with suspi-
tion. But whē I entred into
the consideratiō, that slander
spareth not Binges, I brokt
it with the moze patience,
e thought, that as the strong-
est gūtes offend lesse the low

Shrubs than the tall Cedars: So the blemish of report would
make a lesse scarre in a cottage than in a pallace: yet I could
not but conceit it hardly, and so in a discontented humoꝝ I sat
me dōwn vpon my bed-side and began to cal to remembrance
what son and wantonlines had past my pen how I had bent
my course to a wrong shōꝝ, as beating my bꝛains about such
vanities as were little profitable, sowing my seed in the sand
and so reaping nothing but thoznes and thistles. As this I
recounted over the follies that youth led me vnto, I slept to
my Standish that stood hard by, and wꝛit this Ode.

Greenes Ode, of the vanitie of wanton writings.

T Hough Tytus the Heards swaine,
Phillis loue-mate felt the paine,
That Cupid fiers in the cie,
Till they loue or till they die,
Straigned ditties from his pipe,

B

With

To the Reader.

on my Tombe: I write this last, let it be my last will
and testament. Farewell, if I live you shall heare of
me in deuinitie, in the meane time, accept
the will for the deede, and speake
well of me when I am
dead,

Yours dying:

Robert Greene.





GREENES VISION.



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the penning of the Cobler of
Canterbury, I wared passing
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either I shold be wzong with
enuy, or wzonged with suspi-
tion. But whē I entred into
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& thought, that as the strong-
est gullies offend lesse the low

Shrubs than the tall Cedars: So the blemish of repozt would
make a lesse scarre in a cottage than in a pallace: yet I could
not but conceit it hardly, and so in a discontented humoꝝ I sat
me down vpon my bed-side and began to cal to remembrance
what sonnet and wantonlines had past my pen how I had bent
my course to a wzong shoye, as beating my bzains about such
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With

Greenes Vision.

VVith pleasant voyce and cunning stripe
Telling in his song how faire,
Phyllis eie-browes and hir haire,
How hir face past all supposes:
For white Lillres: for red Roses.
Though he sounded on the hils,
Such fond passions as loue wils,
That all the Swaines that foulded by,
Flockt to heare his harmonie,
And vowed by *Pan* that *Tytirus*
Did Poet-like his loues discusse,
That men might learne mickle good,
By the verdict of his mood,
Yetolde *Menalcas* ouer-ag'd,
That many winters there had wag'd.
Sitting by and hearing this:
Said, their wordes were all amisse.
For (quoth he) such wanton laies,
Are not worthie to haue praise;
Ilgges and ditties of fond loues,
Youth to mickle follie mooues.
And tould this old said saw to thee,
Which *Coridon* did learne to me,
Tis shame and sin for pregnant wits,
To spend their skill in wanton fits.
Martiall was a bonnie boy,
He writ loues grieve and loues ioy.
He tould what wanton lookes passes,
Twixt the Swaines and the lasses.
And mickle wonder did he write,
Of Womens loues and their spight,
But for the follies of his pen,
He was hated of most men:
For they could say, t'was sin and shame
For Schollers to endite such game.
Quaint was *Ouid* in his rime,
Chiefest Poet of his time.

What

Greenes Vision.

What he could in wordes rehearse,
Ended in a pleasing verse,
Apollo with his ay-green baies,
Crown'd his head to shew his praise:
And all the Muses did agree,
He should be theirs, and none but he.
This Poet chaunted all of loue,
Of *Cupids* wings and *Venus* doue:
Of faire *Corina* and her hew,
Of white and red, and vaines blew.
How they loued and how they greed,
And how in fancy they did speed.
His Elegies were wanton all,
Telling of loues pleatings thrall,
And cause he would the Poet seeme,
That best of *Venus* lawes could deeme.
Strange precepts he did impart,
And writ three bookes of loues art.
There he taught how to woe,
What in loue men should doe,
How they might soonest winne,
Honest women vnto sinne:
Thus to tellen all the truth,
He infected Romes youth:
And with his bookes and verses brought
That men in Rome nought els sought,
But how to tangle maid or wife,
With honors breach throug wanton life:
The foolish sort did for his skill,
Praise the deepnesse of his quill:
And like to him said there was none,
Since died old *Anacreon*.
But Romes *Augustus* worlds wonder,
Brookt not of this foolish blunder:
Nor likt he of this wanton verse,
That loues lawes did rehearse.
For well he saw and did espie,

Greenes Vision.

Youth was sore impaird thereby:
 And by experience he finds,
 V Vanton bookes infect the minds,
 Which made him straight for reward,
 Though the censure seemed hard,
 To bannish *Ouid* quite from Rome,
 This was great *Augustus* doome:
 For (quoth he) Poets quils,
 Ought not for to teach men ills.
 For learning is a thing of prise,
 To shew precepts to make men wise,
 And neere the Muses sacred place,
 Dwels the virtuous minded graces,
 Tis shame and sinne then for good wits,
 To shew their skill in wanton fits.
 This *Augustus* did reply,
 And as he said, so thinke I.

After I had written this Ode, a deepe insight of my fol-
 lies did pearce into the center of my thoughtes, that I
 felt a passionat remorse, discovering such perticuler vanities
 as I had sothet vp withall my sozepassed humors, I began to
 consider that that *Astrea*, that virtue, that metaphisicall in-
 fluence which maketh one man differ from an other in excel-
 lence being I meane come from the heauens, & was a thing
 infested into man from God, the abuse whereof I found to be
 as preiudicial as the right vsur therof was profitable, that it
 ought to be employed to wit. in painting out a goddessse, but
 in setting out the praises of God: not in discovering of beauty
 but in discovering of vertues: not in laying out the plat-
 formes of loue, no; in telling the deepe passions of fancy, but
 in perswading men to honest & honozable actions which are
 the steps that lead to the true and perfect felicity: the serpent
 is then therfore an odious creature, so; that he sucketh poi-
 son from that odoriferous flower, from whence the
 painefull Bee gathers her sweete Honnie. And that
 Lapidarie is holden a man woorthlesse in the worlde,
 that

Greene's Vision.

that will weest the secret operation of the Diamond, to a deadly Aconiton: And such schollers deserue much blame, as out of that pretious fountains of learning will fetch a pernicious water of vanitie: the trees that growe in Indea haue rough banks, but they yeeld pretious gummes: and the stones in Sicillia haue a duskie couller, but being cut they are as orient as the sunne: so the outward phase is not to be measured by pleasing the eare, but the inward matter by profitting the minde: the puffing gloze of the lustie stile shadowing wanton conceits is like to the skin of a serpent that contriues impoysoned flesh, or to a panther that hath a beautifull hide but a beastly paunch: so as the flowers of Egypt please the eye but infect the stomack, and the water of the river Orume cooleth the hand but killeth the heart, so bookes that contriue scurilitie, may for a while breed a pleasing conceit and a merrie passion: but for enery dram of mirth, they leaue behinde them in the readers minde, a Tunfull of infecting mischiefs, like to the Scorpion, that flatters with his head and stings with his taile. These premisses droue me into a maze, especially when I considered, that wee were borne to profit our countrie, not onely to pleasure our selues: then the discommodities that grew from my vaine pamphlets, began to mulier in my sight: then I cald to minde, how many idle fancies I had made to passe the hysell, how I had peckred Gentlemens eyes and mindes, with the infection of many fond passions, rather infecting them with the allurements of some enchanted Aconiton, then tempered their thought with any honest Antidote, which consideration entered thus farre into my conscience.

Greenes trouble of minde.



After of mercie, whose gracious fauour is more pliant to pardon, then wee to become penitent, who art more willing to shadowe the contrite heart with remission, then we to offer our selues with hartie repentance: I heere in the humblenesse of heart,

Greene's vision.

prostrate my selfe before the throne of thy maiestie, vphoulden with mercy and loue, as one blushing at the blemish of my vile and detestable offences, wherewith I haue purchased the burthen of thy wrath, being so heauie a load, that the shoulders of my poore diseased conscience, being ready to sinke vnder so heauie a weight, destitute of any meane to support the same, or to cure the passion of such a maladie, but by the salue that growes from the death of thy bitter passion, who camst into the world, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

When I doe (great Physician of our deepest misdoes) but glaunce mine eye at the object of my sinne, and *Sicco pede* passe them ouer as faults of course, and follies of youth: yet I am pierced with so sharpe a passion, that I cannot conceale the grief of my conscience, but it bursteth forth in sighes and groanes, insomuch that I thinke life an enemy to my weale, and I with the beginning of my dayes had bene the holwer of my departure.

But when with a strict insight, I say, *Redderationem villi-*
cationis, and take a straight accompt what the doedes of my youth haue borne, how full of vanitie, and fond conceited fancies, oh then what a fearefull terror doth torture my minde, what a dungeon of dolours lyes open to swallow me? As the Scorpion stings deadly, and the Wipers bites mortally, so doth the worme of my conscience grype without ceasing. And yet O Lord, a deeper miserie, for when with a foreswing consideration I looke into the time to come, wherein the secret coniecture of my faults and offences, shall be manifested and laide to my charge, and that I know *Stipendium peccati*
mors, Oh then whether shall I flie from thy presence, shall I take the wings of the morning and absent my selfe? can the hideous mountaines hide me, can wealth redeeme sinne, can beautie counteruaile my faults, or the whole world counterpoise the ballance of mine offences? oh no, and therefore am I at my wits end, wishing for death, and the end of my miserable dayes, and yet then the remembrance of hell, and the torments thereof dꝛiue me to wish the contrarie. But
when

Greenes Vision.

When I couet long life, and to see more dayes then this imagination wings me, I thinke, as I was conceived in sinne and from my birth inclined to ill: so the sequell of my dayes will growe a *Malo in penus*, and the longer the worse, the more yeares, the more offences: for the life of man is as the Panther, the longer he liues the more spots hee hath in his skinne, and the Ox, the longer it is kept, the more stroakes it hath. So our nature is so corrupt, that we renew not our bill with the Eagle, but growe blacker and blacker with the Vultures.

When I ruminat on these premises, then I loath the length of more dayes, fearing least the aptnesse of my corrupt flesh, through the rebellion thereof, against the spirit, beape greater plagues vpon my poore soule. What shall I doe then Lord, thus distressed on euery syde, hauing no hope of comfort left me, but feare and dispaire. If I seeke to man, I know the strength of Sampson, the pollicie of Achitophell, the wisdom of Salomon, to bee vaine in this respect, for all haue sinned, and are within the compasse of my miserable condition: being payned with this maladie, to whome shall I flie for medicine: even to the swete Physician of all sycklie soules, to thee that canst with a word cure all my sorowes, to the kinde Samaritan, that wilt powre wyne and Oyle into my woundes, set mee on thine owne beast, and take care for the saluing of my hurts, that canst say, thy sinnes are forgiven, and I am whole.

To thee I come (ouer heated with the thirst of sinne) for water, that may spring in me a Well of lyfe: I am heauie laden, and I will lay the burden on thy back, for thou art a promised mediator for the penitent vnto God the Father. It is thou that seekest the wandring sheepe, and bringest him home on thy shoulders: thou wilt not lose that groate, but findest it with ioy, thou wepest in the neck of thy repenting Sonne, and killest the fat Calfe for his welcome: thou hast cryed out in the Streetes, Where your sinnes as red as scarlet, Ie make them as white as snowe, and were they as Purple, I will make them as white as Wooll.

These

Greenes vision.

These proclaimed promises is comfort, this heavenly voice is consolation, whereby I am reuiued, and my conscience lightned of the follies of my youth: nowe haue I found the true and onely phisition for my long diseased soule, euen he that came to heale the penitent. Giue me grace Lord, then to take perfect handfast of these comfortable sayings: stretch forth thy hand, and I will with Peter spring into the water, for thou wilt vphould me: let me touch with faith the hem of thy Vesture, and then I shall enioy the true working of that most singular medicine, thy death & bitter passion, who sufferedst for our sinnes, and on the crosse criedst Consumatum est, to take away the punishment due for our transgression: oh thy mercy is infinite whereby thou callest vs, thy loue vnsearchable, whereby thou fauourest vs, and thy wisdom incomprehensible, whereby thou guidest vs: all these doo appeare to be imparted towards me, in that thou stirrest vp in my heart a loathing of my sinne, and that the follies of my young yeares are odious in my remembrance. Sith then O Lord thou hast toucht me with repentance, and hast called me from the wilderness of wickednesse and extreame dispaire, to place me in the pleasant fields of sinceritie, truth and godlinesse, and so shadowe me with the wings of thy grace, that my minde being free from all unfull cogitations, I may for euer keepe my soule an undefiled member of thy church, and in faith, loue, feare, humblenesse of heart, prayer, and dutifull obedience, shew my selfe regenerate, and a reformed man from my former follies.

Being in this deepe meditation, lying contemplating vpon my bed, I fell a sleepe, where I had not lyne long in a slumber, but that me thought I was in a faire meadowe, sitting vnder an Oake, viewing the beaustie of the sunne which then shewed himselfe in his pride: as thus I sat gazing on so gorgeous an object I spied comming downe the ascade, two ancient men, aged for their foreheads were the Calenders of their yeares, and the whitenesse of their haire bewayed the number of their dayes, their pace was answerable to their age

Greenes Vision.

age, and In diebus illis, hung vpon their garments: their visage were wrinkled, but well featured, and their countenance conteyned much gracie. These two old men came to me, and sat downe by me, the one of the right hand, and the other on the left: looking vpon them earnestly, I espyed written on the ones best Chawcer, and on the others Gower: Chawcer was thus attired as nere as I can describe it.

The description of sir Geffery Chawcer.

His stature was not very tall,
Leane he was, his legs were small,
Held within a stock of red,
A buttond bonnet on his head,
From vnder which did hang I weene,
Siluer haire both bright and sheene,
His beard was white, trimmed round,
His countenance blithe and merry found,
A Sleeuelesse Iacket large and wide,
With many pleights and skirts side,
Of water Chamlet did he weare,
A whittell by his belt he beare,
His shooes were corned broad before,
His Inckhorne at his side he wore,
And in his hand he bore a booke,
Thus did this auncient Poet looke.

Thus was Chawcer attired, and not vnlike him was Iohn Gower, whose description take thus.

The description of Iohn Gower.

Large he was, his height was long,
Broad of brest, his lims were strong,

C

Buc

Greenes Vision.

But couller pale, and wan his looke,
Such haue they that pleyen their booke,
His head was gray and quaintly thorne,
Neately was his beard worne.
His visage graue, sterne and grim,
Cato was most like to him.
His Bonnet was a Hat of blew,
His sleeues straight of that same hew,
A surcoate of a tawnie die,
Hung in pleights ouer his thigh,
A breech close vnto his dock,
Handsome with a long stock,
Pricked before were his shoone,
He wore such as others doone,
A bag of red by his side,
And by that his napkin tide,
Thus *John Gower* did appeare,
Quaint attired as you heere.

Sitting as a man in a maze at the view of these two an-
cient Poets, as well at the grauitie of their looks, as the
strangenesse of their attire. At last Sir Geffrey Chaucer start
vp, and leaning on his staffe with a smiling countenance, be-
gan thus to breake silence. My friend quoth he, thy counte-
nance betwix thy thoughts, and thy outward looks thy in-
ward passions: for by thy face I see the figure of a discontented
minde, and the very glaunce of thine eyes is a map of a dis-
quieted conscience. Take heede, I tell thee sorowes concea-
led are the more solwer, and græfes smothered, if they burst
not out, will make the heart to breake: I confesse it is best to
bee secretarie to a mans selfe, and to reueale the inwarde
thoughts to a stranger is more follie, yet I tell thee, better
broke an inconuenience then a mischief, and be counted a
little fond, then to froward. Therefore if thy græfe be not to
prinate, or so nere to thy selfe, that thou wilt not betwix it
to thy shirte: manie festring sores launched are the soner
cured, and cares discovered are the soner eased: thou hast
heere two, whome experience hath taught many medicines
for

Greenes Vision.

for yong mens maladies, I am sir Geffrey Chaucer, this Iohn Gower, what we can in counsaile, shall be thy comfort, and for secrecie we are no blabs. Haring sir Geffrey Chaucer thus familiar, I took heart at grasse to my selfe, and thought now I might haue my doubt well debated, betwene two such excellent schollers: whereupon putting of my hat with great reuerence, I made this replie.

Grave Lawzeats, the tipes of Englands excellence for Poetry, and the worlds wonders for your wits, all haile, and happily welcome, for your presence is a salve for my passions, and the inward graces that you perceiue by my outward looks, are already halfe eased by your comfortable promise: I cannot denie but my thoughts are discontent, and my senses in a great maze, which I haue dauid by a long while, as thinking best to smother sorrow with silence, but now I will set fire on the straw, and lay open my secrets to your selues, that your sweet counsailes may ease my discontent. So it is, that by profession I am a scholler, & in wil do affect that which I could neuer effect in action, for saine would I haue some taste in the liberall sciences, but *Non licet cuibis adire Corinthum*, and therefore I content my selfe with a superficial insight, and only satisfie my desire with the name of a Scholler, yet as blinde Baiard will iumpe soonest into the mire, so haue I ventured afoze many my betters, to put my selfe into the presse, and haue set forth sundrie booke in print of loue & such amorous fancies which some haue fauoured, as other haue misliked. But now of late there came forth a booke called the Cobler of Canterburie, a merry worke, and made by some madde fellow, conteining pleasant tales, a litle tainted with scurilitie, such reuerend Chawcer as your selfe set forth in your iourney to Canterbury. At this booke, the grauer and greater sorte repine, as thinking it not so pleasant to some, as prejudiciall, to many, crossing it with such bitter inuectiues, that they condemne the Autho2 almost for an Atheist. Now learned Lawzeat, here lyes the touch of my passion: they father the booke vpon me, whereas it is *Incerti authoris*, and suspicionlye slander me with many harde reproches,

Greenes Vision.

for penning that which neuer came within the compasse of my Quill. Their allegation is, because it is pleasant, and therfore mine: because it is full of wanton conceits, and therfore mine: in some place say they the stile bewzaies him, thus vpon supposed premisses they conclude peremptorie, & though some men of account may be drawne by reason from that suppose, yet that *Ignobile Vulgus*, whose mouthes will not be stopt with a Bakers batch, will still crie, it was none but his: this father Chawcer hath made me enter into consideration of all my former follies, and to thinke how wantonly I haue spent my youth, in penning such fond pamphlets, that I am diuened into a dunpe whether they shall redound to my insuing credit, or my future infamie, or whether I haue done well or ill, in setting forth such amorous trifles, herein resolve me, and my discontent is done.

At this long period of mine, Chawcer sat downe & laught, and then rising vp and leaning his back against a Tree, he made this merry answer. Why Greene quoth he, knowest thou not, that the waters that flow from Parnassus founte, are not tyed to any particular operation: that there are nine Muses, amongst whom as there is a Clio to write graue matters, so there is a Thalis to endite pleasant conceits, and that Apollo hath Baies for them both, as well to crowne the one for hir wanton amours, as to honour the other for her worthy labours: the bzaine hath many strings, and the wit many stretches, some tragical to write, like Euripedes: some comical to pen, like Terence: some deeply conceited to set out matters of great import: others sharpe witted to discover pleasant fantasies: what if Cato set forth seuerall censures, and Ouid amorous Ariomes, were they not both counted for their faculties excellent: yes, and Ouid was commended for his *Salem ingenii*, when the other was counted to haue a dull wit, & a slow memory: if learning were knit in one string, and could expresse himself but in one vaine, the should want of variety, bying all into an imperfect Chaos. But sundry men, sundry conceits, & wits are to be praised not for the gravity of the mat,

Greenes Vision.

matter, but for the ripenes of the inuention: so that Martiall, Horace or any other, deserue to bee famous for their Odes and Elegies, as wel as Hesiod, Hortensius, or any other for their deeper precepts of doctrines. Feare not then what those Muzzles wil murmure, whose dead cinders haue no glowing sparkes. nor care not for the opinion of such as hold none but Philosophie for a Subject: I tell thee learning will haue his due, and let a vipers wit reach his hand to Apollo, and hee shall sooner haue a branch to eternize his fame, than the sorrowfull Satyricall Authour in the world. Wee haue heard of thy worke to be amorous, sententious, and well written. If thou doubtst blame for thy wantonnes, let my selfe suffice for an instance, whose Canterburie tales are broad enough before, and written homely and pleasantly: yet who hath bin more canonised for his workes, than Sir Geoffrey Chaucer. What Green: Poets wits are free, and their words ought to be without checke: so it was in my time, and therefore resolute thy selfe, thou hast doone Scholler-like, in setting forth thy pamphlets, and shalt haue perpetual fame which is learnings due for thy endeavour. This saying of Chawcer cheered mee vntill olde Iohn Gower rising vp with a sorrowfull countenance began thus.

Iohn Gower to the Authour.

Vell hath Chawcer said, that the braine hath sundrie strings, and the wit diuerse stretches: some bent to pen graue Poems, other to endite wanton fancies, both honoured and praised for the height of their capacitie: yet as the Diamond is more estimated in the Lapidaries shop than the Topace, and the Rose more valued in the Garden than Gilliflowers: So men that write of Moral precepts, or Philosophicall Aphorismes are more highly esteemed, than such as write Poems of loue, and conceits of fancie. In elder time learning was so high prized that Schollers were companions for Kings, & Philosophers were fathers of the Commonwealth, vpholding the state with the

C 3

Strength

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Strength of their precepts: their wits were then imployed either to the censures of virtue, or to the secrets of nature: either to deliuer opinions of *Pythagoras* Discipline, or conclusions of natural philosophy, being measured by the gravity of their sayings, not the wantonnes of their sentences: And so long were poets titled with many honours as long as their poems were vertuous, either tending to suppress vanitie with *Hesiod*, or to aduance arms and ballour with *Homer*. But when they began to wrest their sonnets to a wrong vse, then they were out of credite, and for an instance of their follies, *Ouid* there graunde Captaine, was rewarded with bannishment. They which considered that man was boyn to profit his countrey, sought how to apply their time, and bend their wits to attaine to perfection of learning, not to inueagle youth with amours, but to incite to vertuous labours: some in their Academies, taught the motion of the Starres, the count of the heauens, some the nature of trees, plants, hearbs and stones: others deciphered the secret qualities of beasts, birds, & fouls, others, wits of Aconemical precepts, some of policy, some of gouernement of Common wealthes, and how the Citizens should followe vertue, and eschewe vice: others deliuered instruction for manners. Thus all generallie aimed at an vniuersall profit of their countrey, and how to keepe youth from any touch of idle vanities. None in their writings discoursed either of loue or hir lawes: for *Venus* then onely was holden for a wandring planet, not honored for a wanton Goddess. Philosophers were dunces in loues doctrine, and held it infamous for to be tainted with the blemish of fond fancy: much moze to pen down any precepts of affectio, if then Ethnik philosophers, who knewe not God, but by a naturall instinct of vertue sought so carefully to auoid such vanities, & only bent the sum of their wits to their countries profit: the how blameworthy are such as endeavour to shew their quicke capacities in such wanton woozkes, as greatly prejudice the state of the commonwealth. I grant ther is no weed so ill, but som wil gather, no stone so cras d, but some wil chose: no book so fond but some wil fauor: but *Vox populi vox Dei* the most & the grauest wil account it vaine and scurrulous. Therefore trust me,

Iohn

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John Gowers opinion is: thou hast applied thy wits ill, & hast sowed chaffe & shalt reape no haruest. But my maister Chawcer brings in his woꝝkes foꝛ an instance, that as his, so thine shalbe famous: no, it is not a promise to conclude vpon: foꝛ men honoꝛ his moꝛe foꝛ the antiquity of the verse, the english & prose, than foꝛ any deepe loue to the matter: foꝛ pꝛoꝛse marke how they weare out of vse. Therfoꝛe let me tel thee, thy bookes are baits that allure youth, Syrens that sing sweetly, and yet destroy with their notes, faire flowers without smell and good pꝛaꝛses without any pꝛofite.

Without any pꝛofite (quoth Chawcer) and with that hee start vp with a frown: no Gower, I tell thee, his labours, as they be amorous, so they be sententious: and serue as well to suppress vanity, as they seem to impoꝛt wantonnes. Is there no meanes to cure soꝛes, but with Coselines: no helpe foꝛ blisters, but sharpe implasters: no salve against vice, but soꝛow saꝛtyzes: Yes, a pleasant baine, quips as nic the quicke as a grainer inuective, and vnder a merry fable can Elope as wel tant folly, as Hesiodo coꝛrect manners in his Heroicks. I tell thee this man hath toyed pleasure with pꝛofite, & though his Wee hath a sting, yet he makes sweet honny. Hath he not discovered in his woꝝkes the follies of loue, the sleights of fancy, and lightnesse of youth, to be induced to such vanities: and what moꝛe pꝛofit can there be to his countrey than manifest such open mischiefes, as grew from the conceit of beauty & deceit of women: and all this hath he painted down in his pamphlets. I grant quoth Gower) the meaning is good, but the method is bad: foꝛ by aiming at an inconuenience, he bringeth in a mischiefe: in seeking to suppress fond loue, the strictnes of his discourse allures youth to loue, like such as taking drinke to cool their thirst, feele the tast so pleasant, that they drinke while they surfeit. Quid dꝛewe not so many with his remedie of Loue from loue, as his *Ars Amandi* bred amorous schollers, noꝛ hath Greenes Bookes weaned so many from vanity, as they haue wedded from wantonnesse. What is the reason (quoth Chawcer) that youth is moꝛe pꝛone vnto euil than to good, and with the Serpent, sucke honny from the sweetest

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test sirops, and haue not Poets shadowed waightie p̄cepts
in slender Poems and inpleasant fancies v̄sed daepe perswa-
tions? who bitte the Curtizans of his time and the follies of
youth moze than Horace, and yet his Odes were wanton.
Who moze inuaided against the manners of men than Marti-
all, and yet his verse was lasciuious? And had hee not better
(quoth Gower) haue discovered his p̄inciples in some graue
sozt as Hesiod did oꝝ Pindaris, than in such amozous & wan-
ton manner: the lightnesse of the conceit cracks halfe the cre-
dite, and the vanitie of the pen bꝛeeds the lesse belæfe. After
Ouid had wꝛitten his Art of Loue, and set the youth on fire
to imbꝛace fancy, he could not reclaime them with

Otra si tollas periere cupidinis arcus.

The thoughts of young men are like Bawins, which once
set on fire, will not out till they be ashes, and therefore doe I
infer, that such Pamphlets doe rather p̄iudice than p̄ofite.
Tush (quoth Chawcer) all this is but a peremptorie selfe con-
ceit in thine owne humour: soꝝ I will shew thee soꝝ instance,
such sentences as may like the grauest, please the wisest, and
instruat the youngest and wantonnest, and they be these: first,
of the disposition of women.

Sentences collected out of the Au- thours bookes.

*Quid lenius bruto? fulmen, quid fulmine? flamma,
Quid flamma? mulier, quid muliere? nihil.*

- 1 **B**E not overtaken with the beantie of women, whose
eies are fram'd by art to enamour, and their hearts
by nature to inchant.
- 2 **W**omen with their false teares know their due times,
and their swæte wooꝝdes pearce deeper than sharpe swoꝝdes.
- 3 **W**omens faces are lures, there beauties are baites,
their lokes nets, their wooꝝdes charmes, and all to bꝛing men
to ruine.
- 4 **A** hard fanoꝝed woman that is renowned soꝝ hir cha-
stity,

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Critie, is moze honorable than she that is famous for her beautye.

5 She which holdeth in her eye most coyenes, hath oft in her heart most dishonesty.

6 A woman may aptly bee compared to a Roase, for as we cannot enjoy the fragrant smell of the one without prickles: so wee cannot possess the vertues of the other, without some thye with conditions.

7 Though Women have small force to overcome men by reason, yet haue they good fortune to vnder-mine men by policie.

8 Womens paines are moze pinching, if they bee girded with a frumpe, than if they be galled with a mischiefe.

9 The ready way to fier a woman to desire, is to crosse the with disdaine.

10 Some women haue their loues in their looks, which taken in with a gase, is thrust out with a wincke.

11 Womens eares are not their touchstones but their eyes, they see and make choyce, and not heare and fancy.

12 Women oft resemble in their loues the Apothecaries in their Art, which chuse the words for their shops, when they leaue the flowers in the field.

13 Euerie looke that women lend is not loue, nor euerie smile in their face is not a prick in their bosome.

14 Womens hearts are full of hoales, apt to receiue, but not to reteine.

15 The Closetts of womens thoughts are euer open & the deapth of their heart hath a string that stretcheth to their tongues end.

16 A woman is like Fortune standing vppon a Gloabe, winged with the feathers of sicknes.

17 Womens heartes are the Erchequers where fancy yēds vppon hir accounts.

18 Women, be they chaste, be they curteous, be they constant, be they rich, renowned, honest, wise: yet haue they sufficient vanities to counteruaile thier vertues.

19 Womens excellency is discovered in their constancie

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20 As the glittering beames of the Sunne when it ariseth, decketh the Heauens : so the glittering beautie of a good wife adoꝛneth the house.

How saiest thou Gower, quoth Chawcer to these sentences : are they not woꝛthie graue eares, and necessarie foꝛ young mindes : is there no pꝛofit in these pꝛinciples : is there not flowers amongst wædes, and swete aphorismes hidden amongst effeminate amours : Are not these woꝛthie to eternize a mans fame, and to make the memoꝛiall of him lasting : I cannot denie quoth Gower, but the sayings are good, both pleasant and Satyꝛicall : but if they had bene placed in an other humoꝛ, how much moꝛe had they bene excellent : foꝛ is not a Diamond placed in gould, moꝛe pꝛetious, then set in Copper : and sentences in a matter of impoꝛt, higher valued, then thrust in amongst vaine trifles : If ripe wits would consider, what gloꝛy redounds by deepe studies, they would neuer busie their bzaines about such superficiall vanities. Tushe, quoth Chawcer, it behoues a Scholler to fit his Pen to the time and persons, and to enter with a deepe insight into the humours of men, and win them by such wꝛitings as best wil content their fancies, I tell thee

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci :

What, a pleasant tale stufte full of conceit, bzædes delight to the eare, and pierceth into the thoughts : Demosthenes when he could not perswade the Athenians with his long and learned Oꝛations, dzew them to withstand Phillip with a merry Fable. And Alcibiades wrought moꝛe amongst his Souldiers with his pleasant allusions, then with all his graue exhoꝛtations : foꝛ pꝛoꝛse Gower thou shalt heere me tell a tale foꝛ the suppressing of iealousie, which tell mee how thou likest when thou hast heard it. With that hee sat him downe, and so did Gower : and I in the midst was verie attent iue.

Chawcers

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Chamcers tale of Iealousie.



Here dwelled in Grandchester hard by Cambridge, a man called Tomkins, a whole-wight he was, and such a one as liued by his art, who being a young man and vnmarrried, held it a religion euery Sunday to frolike it in the Church yarde: his doublet was of leather, russetted after the best fashion, faire trust afoze with a dozen, and a halfe of Pewter Buttons: a Jerkin of Graue Carley, with a tagd welt of the olone, and because his doublet was new, his sleeves hung downe verie properly: a round slop of white, with two guards about the pocket hole, graced with a long stock, that for wearing at the knee were fenced with two peeces of a Calues skinne: his Kuffe was of fine Lockeram, sticht very faire with Couentrie blew: a Greene Hat fresh from the Haberdashers, tyed vp befoze, and a brace of Copper, wherein Saint George sate verie well mounted.

Thus Tomkins came ruffling amongst the wenches to the Churchyard, where he was alwayes so regallant of the Countrie gambals, performing his charge with such a grace, that the proudest wenche in all the parish would fauour him with her Napkin. The Bee flies so long amongst the flowers, that at last he lights on one: and Tomkins could not touche the flie so oft, but he must warme, put flaxe and fire together, and they will flame: and so proper a Squire could not court it so oft among so many faire maides, but at last he was caught by the houle, and ouer the shewes so sooth in love, and with whome: with a Maide that euery daye wente to sell Creame at Cambridge.

A bonnie Lasse she was, verie well tuckt vp in a Kuffet Petticoate, with a bare hemme, and no Fringe, yet had shee a Red Lace, and a Stomacher of Tuft Mockado, and a Partlet cast ouer with a prittie whippe, and best she was

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in a Berchiffe of Holland, for her Father was a Farmer, her girdle was græne, and at that hung a large Leather Purse with faire threaden Tassels, & a new paire of yellow gloves, tufted with redde rawe Silke verie richly : and forsooth this Maides name was Kate, her did Tomkins loue. insomuch that many lookes past betweene them, and many wylings, that at last hee brake the matter to her, and she that was old enough to giue an answer, said: if he could get her Fathers good will she was content. At this Tomkins strooke the bargain vpp with a kisse, and sought oportunitie to mat with her Father to breake the matter vnto him. At last, Fortune so fauoured, that her Fathers Arletræ brake as hee wa carrying manure to the ground, where vpon he was faine to pul forth his horses, and in all post hast to send for Tomkins, and forsooth Kate must be the woman to fetch the Whale-right: Away she goes, and as she went smug'd her selfe vp with her harding Apozne, and comes to Tomkins house, whome shee found lustie at his worke, she saluted him, & he down with his Are and gaue her a welcome, she did her message, and he left all workes and went with her. Asone as he came to her fathers house, he went about his worke, and made him a newe Arletræ: when hee had done, hee was bidden come in and drinke, and her father drew forth his purse and pleased him for his paines. Tomkins, that thought now to bewray the matter, putting his Are vnder his arme, desired the old man hee might haue a woord with him, to whome hee discoursed the whole matter as concerning his Daughter. Hee heard him like an olde fore, and considered Tomkins was a yong man and a thristie, and had a good occupation, and therefore hee could not haue a fitter matche. Wherevpon, after some prattle betweene them, all was agreed, and the marriage day was set downe: Against which, the Tailor of the Towne had worke enough for the Bride and Bride-groomes apatell, and many a Goose and many a Pig lost their life against that day. Well, on a Sunday it was, and the maids flockt to Kates fathers house, striving to make the Bride handsome, who had a fresh Cowne of home-spun Cloath, and was very finelie
dizond

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bizond in a little Cappe, and a faire passe: the Glouer
sould two dozen of two peny Gloues, which she gaue to her
friends, and I warrant you Tomkins house was as full of
lustie Gallants, that toke care to set out their Bridegrome
all new from top to toe, with a paire of græne Carters tyed
crosse aboue the knæ, and a dozen of Crewell Points that set
out his hose verie faire. Thus with a branche of Rosemarie
marched Tomkins to the Church, where Kate and he met:
and there, to be bœse, they were marryed: well that daye
was past with dauncing and Honney mone it was for a mo-
neth after, Tomkins did little worke, for he had enough to do
to looke on his faire wife: yet she went as she was wonte
when she was a Maide to Cambridge with her Treame: but
Tomkins on a day, considering that Schollers were mad
fellows, began to be iealous, least some of them might teach
his Wife Lodgick, so that he cut hir off from that baine, and
tyed hir to hir Distaffe, and caused hir to sit by him as hee
wrought.

Long were they not married, but seeing his Wife was
the fayrest in all the parrish, and noting that diuers of his
neighbours did vse to his house, he began to wax iealous, in
so much that euery looke she cast, he thought to be loue, and if
she smilde it went to his heart, for hee thought it was a fa-
uour. Thus Tomkins grew almost mad, and yet durst not
wzong his Wife, because hir father was one of the chæse men
in all the parish, and beside his wife was so honest, as he could
finde her in no fault: yet thus smothering his owne suspiti-
on he liued in a second hell, not daring let his wife go out of
his sight, and scarce trusting his owne eyes, Kate was not
so simple but she could perceine it, and grœned, that without
cause she was so wzongd, yet pœze wench she conceald her
grœse with patience, and bzokt his suspicion, till she might
with credit reuenge: for causelesse icalousie is the greatest
bzeache to a womans honestie: I knowe not how she dealt
with the Whælewzite, but a Scholler of Erinitie Hostell
Vitiant Glycerium, and made pœze Tomkins looke ouer the
pale like a Buck in season. Women haue their shifts, and if

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they be willing, they haue as many inchauntments as euer
Cyrcees had to turne men into hoznd beasts. Still was Tom-
kins suspicious, but fault he could finde none, for Kate was a
warie wenche, and the Scholer had taught hir *Si non caste,
tamen caute*: But his iealousie still sticke in her stomacke,
that on a time she desired the Scholer to deuise some meane
how he might rid her husband of his fonde suspition, let that
alone for me, quoth the Scholer, take no care, befoze Sunday
at night ile make him singe a new songe: Kate went home,
and to hir whele she goes, and makes much of hir Tomkins,
who vpon Friday next caried his wife to hir fathers, and
commanded hir to stay there while he went to Cambridge,
and came againe, she obeyed his charge, and alway goes hee
towards the good towne. By the way as he went, in a dump
studying on the beaultie of his wife, feeding himselfe with his
iealous humoz, he ouertooke a Scholer, to whome he gaue
the time of the daye: Welcome friend quoth the Scholer,
where do you dwell? sir quoth he, at next towne at Granche-
ster, at Granchester man quoth hee, I am glad I met thee,
now shall I laugh a little: I pray thee tell me friend, haue
you not a Whele-wright that dwels there they call him
Tomkins? yes marrie sir quoth he, I am his next neighboz.
I pray you what of him: if thou dwelst so neere, I maruel
(quoth he) thou dost aske: why hee married bonnie Kate of
Granchester, that sould be Creame: and now he is the moste
famous Cuckould in all the countrey. This went as colde as
a stone to Tomkins heart, yet because hee would learne all,
he conceald the matter, and bare it out with a good counte-
nance, and said that although he dwelt at the next doze, yet
he neuer heard so much. Ile tell thee man quoth the Scho-
ler, for a Quarte of Wine, Ile shew thee, the next time shee
comes to towne, with whome she is familiarlie acquainted:
Marrie quoth he, and at the next Tauerne Ile bestow it on
you, and to morow comes lustie Kate to Cambridge, and if
you do me so much fauour, ile bestow a dish of Apples on you,
to eate these winter eueninges: the Scholer thankd him, & to
the wine they went, & the next day Tomkins was appointed
to

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to come to Trinitie Hostell to such a Chamber, vppon which conclusion he did his businesse and home he went. He bare out the matter with a good face, although he was full of choller in his hart, & could not slay, to thinke S. Luke was his Patron. But the next morning early hee had his wife make her ready to goe to market, for hee was not well and keepe his bed hee would till she came againe. Kate start vp and made her selfe verie handsome, and suspected there was something in the winde: well, to Cambridge she must, for it was her husbands charge, and away shee went. No sooner was shee out of the dozes, but vp got he and made him selfe readie, tooke the key in his pocket, and crost another way to Cambridge, that hee was seene of none, and to Trinitie Hostell he goes, and found out the Scholler, who had him welcome, thankt him for his wine, and tould him you are come in a good hower, for follow me and I will shew you where your wife and a Scholler are now making merrie together. The matter befoze was debated amongst them how p^o Tomkins should be handled. Well the Scholer brought him secretly to a Chamber windowe, where looking in, he might see his wife sitting vpon a Schollers lap eating of a pound of Cherries: scarce could hee keepe his tongue from railing out, but at the Schollers request hee byddled it and put it vp with patience. Well, home hee would to p^ovide for his wifes welcome, but the Scholer tould him hee should drinke first, and filling him out drinke, gane him a Doymitarie potion, that after he had talked a little, he fell in a dead sleepe: then went the Scholer in and fetcht Kate out, and shewed her her husband. Merrie they were, and past away the time while it was late in the night, & then they beaue^d vp Tomkins on a horse backe, and carried him home to his house, vndress^t him, and laid him in his bed, & though it were late, Katherine cald her mother vp & revealed the whole matter to her. The old beldame laught, and said, the iealous fool was wel serued. Well the Scholers had good cheere made them, and away they went, and the Mother and the Daughter sette vpe a watching Candle, and sate verie mannerly by a good fier, looking when Tomkins should wake. About
midnight

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midnight, the drinke left his operation, and he suddenly awoke, and starting vp, swore by gogs nolwnes, you arrant whoze ile be reuengde vpon thee: with that his mother and his wife slept to him, and said, what chere sonne, fie leane such idle talke, and remember God: naye you whoze (quoth Tomkins) ile be reuengd both on you and your knave scholar. Daughter quoth the olde Beldam, goe for moze neighbours, he begins to raue: good Sonne leaue these words, and remember Christ, with that Tomkins lookt about, began to call himselfe to remembrance, and saw hee was in his bed, with a kercher on his head, watcht by his mother and his wife, maruelled how he should come from Cambridge, that in this mase he lay a long while, as in a trance: at last he said, alas where am I? Harrie husband (quoth Kate) in your own house, and in your owne bed, sicke God helpe you, why (quoth he) and was I not at Cambridge to day? at Cambridge man alas, when I came home, I found you here, and my mother sitting by you, very sicke: and so you continued till within this hower, and then you fell in a slumber: why but quoth Tomkins, was I not at Cambridge this day, and saw thee in Trinitie hostell? In Trinitie Hostell, trust me (quoth she) I was not there this two yere, and for your being at Cambridge, God helpe you, I pray God you were able to go thither. Whie Mother (quoth he) make me not mad, as soon as my wife went to Cambridge, I start vp, made me readie, and went to Trinitie hostell, and there saw I hir with these eyes, sitting vppon a Schollers kne, eating of a pound of Cherries. Well Husband (quoth Kate) and how came you home againe? I marrie (quoth he) their lyes the question: I know well of my going thither, and of my being there, but of my returne, why I remember nothing. No I thinke so poze man (quoth she) for all this day hast thou bene a sick man, and full of broken slumbers and strange dreames: I will tell thee Sonne this disease is a mad bloud that lies in thy head, which is growne from iealousie, take heede of it, for if it should continue but six dayes, it would make thee starke mad, for it was nothing but an idle and a iealous fancie, that made thee

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the thinke thou wert at Cambridge, and sawest thy wife there: and was I not then out of my bed, quoth he: no God helpe you, quoth the Mother. When wife quoth he, and he wept, I aske both God and the forgiveness, and make a vow, if God graunt me health, neuer hereafter to suspect thee, thou shalt go whether thou wilt, and keepe what company thou wilt, for a iealous minde is a second hell. Thus was Tomkins brought from his suspicion, and his wife and hee reconcilde.

What saist thou quoth Chawcer to this tale, is there any offence to be taken, is it not a good inuective against iealousie: *Sauf vostre grace*, quoth Iohn Gower, sir Geoffrey, your tale is too scurrulous, and not worthy to trouble my graue eare: such fantastickall toys be in the Cobler of Canterbury, and that byed the booke such discredit: call you this a method to put downe any particular vice, or rather a meanes generally to set by vanitie: this is the soze that crepes into the minde of youth, and leaues not fretting till it be an incurable vicer: this is the rust that eateth the hardest Steele, and cannot be rubd off with the purest Oyle. Mens mindes are apt to follies and prone to all such idle fancies, and such bookes are Spurres to pricke them forward in their wickednesse, where they neede sharpe bits to bydle in their wanton affections: cannot the Whisition salue a maladie, without vnder a poysoned and pleasant srope, he hide a medicinable potion, when the operation of the one shall do moze prejudice, then the vertue of the other can worke profit: Shall I in such sharpe bookes lay aluring baites: Shall I seeke to drawe men from dancing with a Taber, to perswade men to peace with weapons, or exhort men to vertuous actions with tales of wanton affections: no Greene, marke Iohn Gower wel, thou hast wrote no booke well, but thy *Nunquam sera est*, and that is indifferent Linsey Wolsey to be bozne, and to be praised and no moze: the rest haue swete phrases, but sower follies: good precepts tempered amongst idle matter, Eccles amongst Scozpions: and Pearles, strowed amongst pibbles: beleeue

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not Sir Geffrey Chawcer in this: marke but his madde tale to put downe Jealousie, I will tell a tale to the same effect, and yet I hope, neither so light of conceipt, no2 so full of scurrilitie.

John Gowers tale against Jealousie.



In the citie of Antwerpe, there dwelled a gentleman of good Parentage, called Alexander Vandermast, who beeing indued with Lands and linings, such as were able to maintaine an honest port, thought not with the Cedar to die fruitles, no2 to end his name with his life, and therefore to haue a priuate friende with whome to communicate his thoughtes, and issue to maintaine the same of his house, he thought to wed him self to some good wise with whose beauty he might delight his eie, & with whose vertues hee might content his mind. At last looking about, hee sawe manie faire and well featured, but they had faults that bred his mislike: Some thought to amend Nature with Art, and with Apothecaries drugges, to refine that which God had made perfect: Such artificiall paintings he likt not, as being the instances of pride. Some had their eies full of Amours, casting their lookes with such alluring glaunces, that their verie immodestie appeared in their eie-lids, those hee held too forwarde to the fist: Some had delight to heare themselves chat, and had moze talke in their tongues, than witte in their heads, those he counted for Collops, and let them slip: taking thus a narrow view of the maides of Antwerpe. At last, he spied one amongst the rest, who was faire, modest, silent, and generallie indued with all vertues, as highly commended through all the Cittie for her chastitie, as she was praised for her beantie. Upon her did Alexander cast his eie, and so fire his heart, that he began entirely to affect her, knowing what a pretious iewel he should haue, if he got so vertuous a wife: For hee had read in Iesus sprache, that happie is that man.

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man that hath a vertuous wife, for the number of his dayes shall be double. A vertuous woman doth make a ioyfull man, and whether he be riche or poore, he may alwaies haue a merry heart. A woman that is silent of tongue, shamefast in countenance, sober in behauiour, and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower, deckt with the coullers of all the flowers in the field, which shall be giuen for a good portion, to such a one as feareth God.

These sayings made Alexander an earnest sute to Theodora, for so was the Maides name: and so followed his purposed intent, that not onely he obteyned the good will of the Maide, but the consent of her parents, so that in short time there was a mariage, not onely concluded, but fully consummated. These two agreed together louingly, and in such loyalty, that all Antwerpe talked of the affection of the one, and the obedience of the other, and the loue of both: living in this concord, the deuill that grudged at the sinceritie of Job, groned at the mutuall amitie of these two, and sought to set them at odds, which he attempted with the pernicious fier of Ielousie, a plague that offereth deepest wrong to the holy estate of marriage, and setteth such mostall variance, as hardly by any meanes can be pacified. Where married couples agree together, it is a great happinesse, and a thing very acceptable in the sight of God: but as in musick are many discords, before there can bee framed a true Diapason, so in wedlock are many farres, before there be established a perfect friendship: falling out there may be, and wordes may growe betwene such sweete friends: but

Amantium ira amoris redinte gratia est:

Partic where Ielousie enters by stealth, from thence he cannot be thrust out by force. This pestilent humor entred into the minde of Alexander, for seeing he had the sayest wife in all Antwarpe, & that many Marchants resorted to his house, he found that women are weake vessels, and conceited a jealous opinion without cause, thinking such as came to enter

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parle with him for traffike, come rather for the beauntie of his wife, then for any other trade of Marchandise, in so much that hee pind her vp in her Chamber, and kept himselfe the key: not content with this, sitting one day in a great dumps he fell into this meditation.

Alexander Vandermaest, his iealious meditation with himselfe.



Thou hast married thy selfe Alexander, to a Woman, and therefore to a thing light and inconstant, whose heart is like to feathers blowne abroad with euery winde, & whose thoughts aime at euery new object, thou mightst Vandermaest haue forsaene this, for thou hast red, that Armins of Carthage being earnestly perswaded to marry, answered, I dare not, for if I chance vpon one that is wise, shee will be wilfull: if wealthie, then wanton: if poore, then peuisish: if beautifull, then proude: if deformed, then loathsome: and the least of these is able to kill a thousand men. Why Alexander did thou not eschew this, forseeing this, and knowing them to bee such suits: why didst thou load thy selfe with such a heauie burden, oh howe art thou changed? what motion hath madded thee with this conceit: thou wert wont to say that they were Heauens wealth, and earths miracles, adozned with the singularitie of proportion, to shew the excellencie of all perfection, as farre exceeding men in vertues, as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfection, being purer in minde then in mould, and yet made of the puritie of man: iust they are, as giuing loue hir due: constant, as holding loyaltie moze precious then life, as hardly to be drawne from vnited affection, as the Salamanders from the Canerousnes of Etna. Oh Alexander, I would they were so, then wert thou

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thou as happy, as now thou art miserable: but no doubt their hearts are made of Jet, that draw vp fancie in a minute, and let it slip in a moment, and their thoughts so fickle, that they couet to labe on euery new obiect: they labe to marrie, that the husband may cover their faults, and like Atheists they count all pardoned, that is done with secrecie. She riseth vp saith the Wise man, and wipeth her mouth, as though she had made no offence. No doubt there be such as thou dost decipher, but torment not thy selfe with Zealouise, let not thy hart suspect what neither thy eye sees by pzoofe, no: thine cares here by repozte, Theodora is vertuous, and chaste, honour dwels in hir thoughts, and modestie in her eyes, she treads vpon the Coztule, and keepest her house, and strays not abroad with euery wanton giglet: She lapes not out the framels of hir hayze to allure mens lokes: no: is she wanton in her eye lids, she seeks not to companie with strangers, no: takes delight in much pzattle, but as Susanna was to Ioachim, and Lucretia to Collatine, so is Theodora to Alexander. She is like to the vertuous Woman which Salomon sets out in the Proverbes, who eates not her bzead with idlenesse, she is vp earlie and late, labouring gladlie with her hands: she occupieth Wooll and flaxe, lapes hould vpon the Distaffe, and puts hir fingers to the Spindle: such a one Alexander is thy Theodora, whome Antwarpe admires for hir vertues, and thou maist loue for her perfection. Such she seemes indeed, but women are subtil, shewing themselves to disdaine that which they most desire, and vnder the maske of a pure life, shadowe a thousand deceitfull vanities. She is faire, and many eyes awaite vpon her beautie, and women are weake creatures, some women.

I see many Marchants flocke to my house, and amongst them all, perhaps she will like one: tush, for all her shew of constancie and vertuous perfection, I will not trust her, no: beloeue her, for women are subtil to allure, and slipperie to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of ware ready to receiue euery impression: and with this he starte vp, and wente to looke if his wiues Chamber doze were safe lockt, and so went

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about his businesse, but so discontent in his thoughts, as all the world might espie his greife by his passions. Theodora saw all this, and perceined the folly of her husband, and brooke it with great patience, so that she knew her selfe free from all intended suspition, conetng with her forcible effects of dutie, to race out the cankered rust of Zealouise, that byed such secret and silent iarres betwixt her and her Alexander, pind by thus as a hawk in a mew to solace her, she had recourse to her book, aiming in all her Dizons for grace, that her actions might be directed, and the course of her life so leaueld, that no blemish might taint the brightnes of her credit, otherwhile for recreation she would take her Lute in her hand and sing this Dittie.

Theodoras Song.

SECRET alone, and silent in my bed,
When follies of my youth doe touch my thought,
And reason tels me that all flesh is sinne,
And all is vaine that so by man is wrought.

Hearts sighes,

Eies teares,

With sorrow throb when in my mind I see,
All that man doth is foolish vanitie.

When pride presents the state of honors pompe,
And seekes to set aspiring mindes on fire,
When wanton Loue brings beauty for a bait,
To scortch the eie with ouer hot desire.

Hearts sighes,

Eies teares,

VVith sorrow throb when in my mind I see,
That pride and loue are extreame vanitie.

Oh Loue that ere I loued, yet loue is chaste,
My fancie likt none but my husbands face.

But

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But when I thinke I loued none but him,
Nor would my thought giue any other grace,

Harts sighes,

Eyes teares,

With sorrow throb, when in my minde I see,
The purest loue is toucht with Iealousie.

Alas mine eye had neuer wanton lookes,
A modest blush did euer taint my Cheekes,
If then suspition with a faulse conceipt,
The ruine of my fame and honour seekes,

Harts sighes,

Eyes teares,

Must needs throb sorrows, when my mind doth see,
Chastethoughts are blamd with causelesse ialousie.

My husbands will was ere to me a lawe,
To please his fancie is my whole delight,
Then if he thinkes whatsoeuer I do is bad,
And with suspition chastitie requight:

Harts sighes,

Eyes teares,

Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde dooth see,
Dutie and loue are quit with ialousie.

No deeper hell can fret a womans minde,
Then to be tainted with a false suspect,
Then if my constant thoughts be ouercroft,
When pratling fond, can yeeld no true detect.

Harts sighes,

Eyes teares,

Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see,
Duty and loue are quit with ialousie.

Seeke I to please, he thinkes I flatter then,
Obedience is a couer for my fault,
When thus he deemes I treade my shoo awrie,

And:

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And going right, he still suspects I halt,
Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see,
Dutie and loue are quit with iealousie.

No salue I haue to cure this restless soare,
But sighes to God, to change his iealous minde,
Then shall I praise him in applauding himns,
And when the want of this mistrust I finde:
Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Shall cease, and Lord ile onely pray to thee,
That women neare be wrongd with iealousie.

Theodora hauing ended her Dittie, layde by her Lute,
and sate in a muse, when diuers Merchants came in to aske
for her husband, amongst the rest, one was verie pleasant
with the Maide of the house, and fell to pzattle with her, in
which instant Alexander comming in, and seeing them in se-
cret and priuate talke (and the Merchant with a letter) be-
gan straight to mistrust that the Gentleman was commu-
ning with his maide for the deliuerie of some amorous let-
ter to her Mistres: where vpon he began to enter into such a
frantike, as hee regarded not the salute of his friends, but
seemed like a mad man, not answering according to their de-
maunds, but in such abrupt replies, that all of them espied
the man to be passing passionate, thinking some fond humo-
r so infected his bzaine, that he would growe lunatike: where-
vpon, after some short parle with him, they all departed, and
tooke their leaue, leaving him deepe perplexed in his deepest
thoughts: first he went and lookt if the doze were fast, which
he found as strongly lockt as he left it, then hee questioned
with his maide about the talke and the letter, she discourst
vnto him all the truth, but in vaine, for so deeply had suspiti-
on grafted mistrust in his conscience, that beleefe could take
no place, but that his heart suspected, that he thought verely
to

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to be as sure as the Gospell, for who so is pained with the restlesse torment of iealousie, doubteth all, mistrusteth himselfe, being alwayes frozen with feare, and fired with suspition: With this canckred poison was the minde of Alexander so corrupt, as he thought verily his wife had played false, and that he being blinde, had eaten the flie: whereupon he studied how to quittance hir villanie, so heauie an enemy is Ielousie to the holy estate of matrimonie, sowing betwene the married couples such deadly seedes of secret hatred, that long being once rased out by sacklesse distrust, through enuie there ensueth a desire of bloodie reuenge, and so it fell out with Alexander: but that God which defendeth the innocent, shewed guiltlesse Theodora vnder his wings, and kept hir from the peremptorie resolution of her frantike husband. Well, at last iealousie entered so farre into his thought, that he fell into a Lunatike melancholie, and like a mad man fled out of his house, and ranne about the fields, haunting secret Crones, and solitarie places to feede his humour. The report of this strange chance, was bruted abroade throughout all Antwerpe, which made men to wonder at the matter: some had hard opinion of Theodora, and said her lewdnesse byed his frenzie, and that Alexander hauing spied some wanton trick by his wife, fell into that Lunacie, condemning hir for a pernicious courtizan: others seeing the vertuous disposition of the woman, could not be induced to so hard a suspicion, but thought the brainsick iealousie of the man had procured that strange maladie: some suspended their iudgements both of him and hir, till further triall might make it manifest, but the most part spake ill of hir, especially his parents and kinffolke, who reuilde hir, and cald her strumpet, turning her out of dwze as a Courtizan deseruing no better fauour.

Thus hardly was poore Theodora vsd, who tooke all patiently, and being distressed and wrongd, went to a poore womans house, who vpon mere pittie harboured her, where falling to hir labour, shee conformed to all good mindes, the assured confidence of vertuous chastitie: being there poore, changing

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her apparel to the place. she went in her white Maskecoat, and
sate to her wheele, whereon woozking busily euery day aboue
other, noting her innocency, and how vniustly shee was accu-
sed, shee burst out into teares, and blubbez out this passi-
on.

Theodoras meditation of her Innocencie.



Fortunate Theodora, whose thoughtes are
measured with enuy, and whose deedes are
weied with suspition, the prime of thy yeares
is nipped with mishappes, and when the blos-
soms of thy youth should grow to ripe fruits,
they are bitten with the frostes of Fortune
When thou wert a maid, modesty hung in thy looks, and thy
chaste thoughts appeared in thy countenaunce, all Antwerpe
spoake of thy beautie, and applauded thy vertues, and now
being a wife, they accuse thee of vanity and lightnesse, wher-
as thy constancy is as great, and thy chastity no lesse. Ah, but
infamy galleth vnto death, and liueth after death: Tush The-
odora, vertue may be blam'd, but neuer sham'd. The Dia-
mond may be hidden in dirt, but neuer lose his operation: the
Sunne may be obscured with a Cloud, but at last it wil bzeak
forth in his bzightnes, and vertue hidden with slander, will at
last maugre enuie appeare without blemish. Ah Theodora,
but Alexander, thine Alexander, the ioy of thy youth, and the
content of thy mind is run lunatick, and al for thee I confesse:
and my heart græues at his mishap, and with daily Orisons
I will pray, that his iealous thoughts may be raced out: his
parents and friends hould thee for a Curtisan: all Antwerpe
wonders at thee, and exclaimes against thee for a strumpet,
the moze is my sorrow, & the greater my misery: but the Lord
who is *Chrodiognostes*, whose eie sees the secrets of all heartes,
sees mine innocency. Oh, but what shal I doe to recouer my
husbands weale, & recouer my former credit: might my bloud
be.

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be a salme to cure his malady, or my life ease the soze that so
torments him, I would with the hazard of my soule, seeke to
recouer the weale of his body: and lanch out the dearest drops
of bloud, to purchase his least content. But iealousie that in-
fectious fiend, hath wrought thy bitter bale, and his vtter o-
uerthrow, setting such a flame of fire in his breast, as neither
reason nor counsaile can quench. What shall I then doe? sit
thee downe Theodora, and let thy prayers pearce the heauens
cry out in the bitternes of mind, take hold of the hemme of
Christes vesture by faith, and with the blind man say: thou son
of Dauid, loke vpon the innocency of thy handmaid, redresse
her wrongs, and heale the malady of her husband. Whions
Theodora haue wings, and if they bee plumed with the fea-
thers of an assured beliefe in Christ his passion, they flie fast
through the farthest spheres, and penetrate euen the throane
of his maiesty: and that they plead for grace, from whence by
the helpe of the lambe, who sits there a Mediator for vs, they
returne not without regard. Do this first Theodora, then sit
thee downe to thy worke, and with thy hands thrist, satisfie
thy harts thirst. Forget thy amours, and fall to labours, and
be sure of this, in thy cottage thou shalt shun much enuy, and
many reproches: for fortune seldome lookes so low as pouer-
ty. Content thee with thy estate, for aduersity is the triall of
the mind, and mishap is the ballance of the thoughts. Use pati-
ence, for it is a great proue of vertue and be not scene abode:
for secrecy kills infamy, and such as delight to bee scene, shall
haue their credit toucht with many tongues, and haue this
verse hung on their backe.

Spektatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsa.

Thus liuing pœrely, content: and patient in thy labours,
Antwerpe shall thinke it was thy husbands folly, not thy va-
nity.

Thus Theodora satisfied her selfe with her own perswa-
tion, & in the cottage shund the stormes that fortune infused
vpon great mansions, as she thus rested happy, for that

Fœlix qui potuit contentus viuere paruo.

Alexander romed vp and downe still perplexed with his

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iealous passions, and finding no ease in his conscience: for lealousie is like the biting of Vidaspis, which suffers a man to take no slepe: Lunatike he was, and yet sundrie times he would both reasonable meditate with himselfe, and confer with others, sorrowing at the fondnesse of his owne suspition: but straight againe hee would with the Dog returne to his vomit, and fall to his ould bayne of frenzie, with generall exclamations against beautie: yet so sententious, that amongst the rest I remember some of his principles, which seemed rather the censure of some ripe wit, then the fruites of any Lunacie, and they as I remember be these.

Alexanders sentences in his Lunacie, against beautie.

1 **A** beautie is a vaine thing, whose paintings are trickt vp with times coullers, which being set to dye in the Sunne, lose their brightnesse with the Sunne.

2 Beautie is a Charme, worse then Cyrces had amongst hir confections, for it first inchaunteth the eye, then bewitcheth the heart, and at last brings both to utter ruine, when of it selfe it is but like the flower Asautis, that loseth couller with euery lowde winde.

3 Beautie draweth many mens eyes to looke on so gorgeous an obiect, and is oft the cause of manie dishonest actions.

4 Beauty is delightfome and pleasant, yet nothing more perilous and deadlie.

5 The more beautie, the more pride, the more pride, the more inconstancie.

6 Beautie, when it is not ioynde with vertue, is like the fetters of a Phoenix, placd on the carcase of a Crowe.

7 Beautie is oft the fairest marks that leadeth to mishaps.

8 Beautie is a couller dast with enery breath, a flower migt with enery frost, and a fano, that time & age defaceth.

These

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These sententious and satyricall inuectiues against beautie, did he breathe out in his madnesse, which seemed hee was moze melancholie then Lunatique: well howsoeuer, about he ran restlesse and passionate, till on a day, comming into a meadow, he saw in a little houell made with boughes, an aged man sitting, holding a serpent in his hand that with his teeth still bit his selfe, and still the aged father smilde. Alexander standing by, and seeing this, as mad as he was, marvelled at the matter, and vpon a suddaine said: Father what dost thou meane by that embleame? The old man turning his head, and seeing Alexander, was nothing abashed but replied: My Sonne quoth he, I am viewing the Enigmati- call figure of Ielousie: of Ielousie quoth Alexander: as how? marrie quoth he, thus. Thou seest this Serpent, it is bred in the Cauernes of Sicillia, brought from thence, and given me by a marchant, the name of it is a Limster: marke how Nature hath made it full of splene and choller, still intending to doe, and restlesse to reuenge: but so hath the cerious work- man of all provided, that it can bite noz pzeiudice no crea- ture but it selfe, which disposition when I considered, I com- pard it to a iealous man, who being pinched with that passi- on, hurteth none but himselfe, and galled with suspition, bi- teth with the Limster his owne flesh: for I tell thee my sonne whosoever is fired with iealousie, or toucht with that hate- full passion of mistrust, he fretteth inwardly, taketh no rest, & consumes himself with inward grasse, hurting none but him- selfe, as coneyning all the miserie within himselfe. Ah Alex- ander quoth he, I know thee, and sorrow that I see thee thus fond, to be brought into such dishonour, by the suspition of a woman, when beeing Jealous of hir, thou tryngest thy selfe at the heart, when thou hurtst not her little finger, if thou couldst conceit what it were, and knewst the secret operati- on and inward pzeiudice, thou wouldest shake it off, as a toye woorthlesse a man of such calling. Antwerpe I tell thee pitties thee as they loue thee, and wonders at thee, as they note thy follies, and are angrie at thee, as thou perseuerest in so vaine an humour: and because thou shalt haue an insight by me into the

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the follie, of thine owne humoz, I will set thee downe the description of iealousie : wherein, as in a glasse thou maist perceiue thine owne madding passions.

The ould mans description of iealousie.



Iealousie is a canker, that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, a moath that secretly consumeth the life of man, & a poyson specially opposed against the perfection of loue. The hart being once infected with iealousie, the sleepes are broken: dreames, disquiet slumbers, thoughts, cares, and sorrows: the life woe and myserie, that living he dies, and living prolongs out his life in passions worse then death. None looketh on his loue, but suspicion saies this is he, that commeth to be contriuall of my fauours: none knocks at his doore, but starting vp he thinks them messengers. None talkes, but they whisper of affection, if she frowne, she hates him, and loues others: if she smile, it is because she hath had successe in hir loues: loke she frowardlye on any man, she dissembles: if she fauour him with a gracious eye, then as a man tainted with a frenzie, he cries out, that neither fier in the strawe, nor loue in a womans lookes can be conceald. Thus death he liue restlesse, maketh loue that oft is sweet, to be in taste as bitter as gall, and consumes himselfe with secret torments.

How saist thou my sonne (quoth the ould man) haue I not hit thee in the right vaine, and made a perfect description of thine owne patheticall humours. Oh quoth Alexander, and he sat him downe with teares in his eyes, and sighes, in such sort, and so deeply straine, as his heart was ready to burst. Now father, and neuer before now, doe I see into the depth of mine owne follies, and perceiue how infortunatly this Ielouse conceit hath led me: but teach me, how shall I shake of this fiend, that so mortally haunts me: by what means shall

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Shall I race out this passion, that so paines me: and haue the
disquiet of my thoughts satisfied. Oh my Sonne (quoth the
ouldman) thou art commaunded by the wise man, not to be
lealous ouer the wife of thy bosome, least shee shewe some
shewd point of wickednesse vpon thee: for nothing more
græueth an honest woman, no: draweth more aptly to some
moztall resolution, then to be suspected without cause. And I
tell thee my Sonne, Antwerpe hath euer spoken well of thy
wife, whatsoener thou hast misconstrued. Thou hast then
done amisse, in absenting thy selfe from her, for thou art
chargde not to departe from a good and discret woman that
is fallen vnto thee for thy portion, in the feare of the Lord: for
the gift of hir honestie is aboue gould. A woman of fewe
woordes, is a gift of God: and to a well nortured Maide
may nothing be comparde. An honest and mannerly woman,
is a gift aboue other gifts: and there is no weight to bee
comparde to a womans minde, that can rule it selfe like as
the clere light vpon the holy Candlestickes: so is the beau-
tie of the face vpon an honest body, like as the goulden pillars
vpon the sockets of silver, so are the faire legs vpon a woman
that hath a constant minde.

A faire Wyfe reioyseth her husband, and a man loveth
nothing better: but if shee bee louing and vertuous withall,
then is not her husband like to other men. He that hath got-
ten a vertuous woman, hath a godly possession, she is vnto
him a helpe and pillar on whome he resteth: where no hedge
is, there the goods are spoiled: and where no Husband is,
there the friendlesse mourneth. Dost thou marke my
Sonne these Sentences: if thou hast so good a wife: oh, how
hast thou sinned, to wrong hir with Ielousie: to taint thine
honor, and to blemish the credit of her chastitie. If shee bee
wanton, and wyll neuer wante one: but sitteth downe as
Syrach saith, and openeth hir Quiver to every Arrowe, then
my Sonne shake her off, abide not with such a woman, least
yee feele the force of the lawe: but be not lealous / for that
breedes thy fatall ruine, and to her is no prejudice. Oh fa-
ther (quoth he) these woordes, as they pierce to the quicke,
so

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so are they Balme vnto my distressed soule : I feele a comfort in the sweetness of your counsaile , and these principles are perswasive arguments to race out my former follies. I must of force confesse, that I married her a Maid, famoused through all Antwerpe for her vertue , as shee was spoken of for her beautie . And being married, I found her obedient, chaste , modest, and silent: but her beautie bred the bane, and was the meanes of all my misery: For when I noted the excellencie of her feature, and the rarenesse of her perfection, and considered that every mans eye aimed at so faire an object, that womens hearts were of waie ready to receiue euery impression, and saw how diuerse Marchants of the citie flockt to my house, then the sting of Jealousie beganne to torment me, and suspicion brought mee into this melancholie humour: I need not paint out in particulars. For Father, thou hast described sufficiently my passions, how I was passionate, onely let this suffice, I was iealous, but whether with cause or no, there lies the question. Were I satisfied in this, I would say, farewell to all fond Jealousie, to ease thee of this martyrdome . My sonne I will not onely releeue thee with counsaile, but aid thee with the effect of my Art. Thou hast bene absent a long while, from thy wife, and al men hold thee still for lunaticke: I hauing some skill in Necromancie, will change thy countenance into the shape of a most beautiful yong man: being thus metamorphosed, thou shalt go to thy wife, and being now crossed with pouertie, & liuing poore distressed in Cottage, thou shalt proffer her golde and maintenance, I tel thee my sonne, thou shalt carry with thee two great perswasions, to make breach into a womans honestie, which is beautie and wealth, chieflie where the partie is pinched with penurie. If shee yelde vnto thee, shake her off as an inconstant Cartilan, and then be moze iealous. For what shouldst thou be suspicious of that which thou knowest? If she withstand, and had rather be whole honest poortie, than violate her chastitie. My Alexander, then sorrowe at thy follies, say thou hast sin'd against so vertuous a wife, and reconcile thy selfe vnto hir, and be not touched any moze with iealousie, for that is a
hell

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hell to thee, and no hurt to hir. This counsaile did greatly comfort Alexander, that he not onely humbly thanked the old man for his aduise, but intreated him to prosecute the intent of his purpose, which he presently did, for by his arte he made him seeme a beautifull young man, faire to the eye and well proportioned, but in all forme, farre from that which he was: hauing some of Crownes in his purse (thus transformed) away he trudgeth towards Antwerpe, where in the suburbs, hee heard of his wife how she was wronged by his friends, turned out of doores, and liued there with a widow woman, in a poore cottage: hir same was good, and the report of her labours were great, her honestie highly valued, and her patience much commended, which greatly comforted the thoughts of Alexander: at last learning out the house, he went thither, and comming in asked for Theodora, who humbly rose and saluted him with such modest curtesie, as did impute a shew of great vertue. Alexander noting her bashfulnesse, began to consider, that if she plaide false, she was cunning to coyne her countenance, and he sought therefore to trie her thus.

Faire Distresse, whom Fortune hath made as miserable, as Nature had formed beautifull, and whom the crosse aspect of the planets, haue left as distressed, as the Gods in their fauours haue made vertuous. Know this, that comming as a stranger to Antwerpe, it was told me by mine host, as a wonder, of the extremitie of your husbands iealousie, and the excellencie of your patience: his follies, and your vertues: his suspicion, and your constancie. His report made me desirous to see with mine eye, what I heard with mine eare, that I might confirme reporte with a sure witnesse. Now seeing you, and noting your exterior lineaments, graced with so manie inward perfections, I praise Nature for hir workmanship, accuse Fortune for her tyrannie, and sorowe that so beautifull a creature should bee bitten with such bitter crosses.

But necessity is a sore penance, and extremitie is as
G hard

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hard to beare as death: yet Distresse Theodora it is a colde comfozte, is wapt in no remedie: a gronous vicer, that no Chirurgie can finde a salve for: and a hard sozroth that no reliefe can medicine. Seeing therefore your husbands iealousie hath left you from friends and many cares, sake, as you haue hetherto chockt fortune with patience, so to thwart mishap with a present remedie, and thus it is: Your beautie Distresse Theodora, is able to content any eye, and your qualities, to satisfie the most curious minde: which as it doth amase me, so it byrues a pittifull compassion into my thoughts to lay any plot for your better estate. Therefore may it please you to vouchsafe of such a friend as my selfe, your want shall be relæued, and your necessitie redressed: I will take you from this cottage, to a place moze fit for your calling: your rags shall be robes, and your thin diet plenteous fare: and to make vp all fortunate, you shall haue such a friend at your commaund, as no mishap any waye can diuert from your loue. If you stand vpon the losse of your honour, and the blemish of your fame: to answer that obiection, first Antwerpe hath made hazard of your credit, and though without cause, yet they haue calde your name in question, and infamie is such a deepe colour, that it will hardlie be raced out with oblivion: to take you from such vipers as cease not to sting you with the enuie of their tongues: I will carrie you from the reach of them all, and the greatest wonder lasteth but nine dayes, nor will the talke of your departure continue any longer tearmes: for the offence, why it is loue, and that shadowes wanton scapes: what is done closely is halfe pardoned, and affections that are mainteyned with loyaltie, are but slender faults: let not feare of a little fame, tie you still to such extremity: Misery is a malady that ought to haue no respect of medecine, and where necessitie doth byrde a soare, foolish is that patient if hee makes doubt to accept of any salve. What Theodora your husband is Lunaticke, neuer to be hoped for, nor had againe in his right wits: then vouchsafe a friend, who if no other maske will serue, will shadowe all faultes with gould.

Theo-

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Theodora could scarce stay the bearing of such a long discourse, knowing it was preiudiciall to a womans credit, to listen to such prattle, alluding to the French prouerbe.

*Le uille que parle, le femme qui S'esconte,
L'ane se gaigne, l'aulie, S'effonte.*

Whereupon she puld her hand from his, and with a modest blush made him answer.

I cannot deny sir, but I haue found Fortune my foe, yet to counteruaile her malice I haue had Patience my friend, and what the world hath obieded with suspicion, I haue answered with innocency: for my present misery, as I broke it with content, so I hope to finde the heauens moze fauourable: and for my husbands follics, I counte his present iealousie counteruailde with his former loues, and hope that God will chaunge his opinions into better censures, and make him conceit of me as fauourable, as now hee thinkes hardlie. In the meane time sir, your aime is farre beyond the marke, and your compasse directed by a wrong starre: for though I be pinched with wante, and toucht with that sting that so ceth many to attempt vnlawfull actions, yet had I rather sit with Cornelia, and satisfie my hunger with handes labours, then frolick it with Lamia, and buy repentance with delicates: no sir, thinke not that all the pouertie in the world can hale me from the thought of mine ould honour, or any shower of misfortune, driue me from the seate of vertue, better liue in lowe content, then in high infamie: and moze pretious is want with honestie, then wealth with discredit: Wherefore sir, I thanke you for your proffer, but I am no traffike for such a chapman: but repozte this wheresoeuer you come, that I would scozne a crowne, in respect of constancie and bould the participation of a kingdom light, in value of my chastity: I tell you sir, though I be a woman, yet the loue that I bear, and the dutie that I owe to my husband howsoeuer he hath wrongd mee, makes me so resolute, that neyther extremitie shall diswade me from affecting him, nor any proffer of riches perswade to fancie any other. And wheras you obiect, that my credit is alreadye crasde in Antwerpe,

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I denie not but I am suspected, and of most, wrongde with
hard reproches: yet caryng a clere conscience, I haue this
hope, that seeing

Temporis filia veritas

Time and my good behauiour shall wipe out the blemish of
such causelesse infamie, and then shall I shew my self to mine
owne honour, and theyr discredit. And whereas you say, that
Louers faults are slender offences, I answer: that there can
be no greater staine to a woman, then to be toucht with losse
of her good name, especially being confirmed and ratified by
proue: so, that being lost, she hath no moze whereon to boiste,
and that made Lucretia let out a pure soule from a defiled
body.

Then good Sir, you knowe my minde, my pouertie is my
content: mine hono^r, my wealth: and mine innocencie, the
onely thing that is left to quiet my conscience: therefore as
your Parte was little, your market being done, the doore is
open, and you may go when you please.

Alexander hearing this, was highly contented, yet thought
to giue one assault moze, and houlding hir fast by the wrist,
returnde hir a replie thus.

With Distresse Theodora, women must be coy, and
seeme at the first to disdain that, which after they desire: els
might they be thought very light, that would come at euery
lure. I haue bene a Huntsman, and will not at the first de-
fault giue over the chace: therefore aduise your selfe better,
take time when you will giue me an answer: aske counsaile
of your pillowe, I can tell you, gould is a goodly thing, and
there is not a warmer coate then wealth: what, such faults
are checkt with a smile, not controulde with a frowne, and
men smother vp Louers offences with fauour. Be not per-
emptorie, so, in that you shall discover rather folly then any
aduised wisdom, such as haue diseases, and refuse remedie
are worthe still to bide in the paine, and they who are ouer
the shooes in wante, are worthe the staffe and the wallet.

if

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if they will not any way reach at wealth. Consider therefore with your selfe, and to morow this time I will come & craue an answer.

Theodora, hauing her face full of choller pluckt away her arme, sate her downe to her Wheele, and then reason'd thus roughly with him.

Sir, neuer take any longer daies, where the partie is unwilling to set no further date: no: giue any more attemptes, where the Castle is impregnable. Know, your sute is in vaine: and your words breathed into the wind: and to bee short, take it as you please, I hold your golde in scozne, and your selfe (vnlesse you were more honest) in disdain. If you be so passionate, that you must needs haue a Paramour, go seeke suche Lettice where they grow, for heere is none for your lips: you shall not finde heere a Danae that will bee drowne in with a shower of golde, but rather a Diana, whome Venus and al her frownes could neuer affright. Therefore take this for a finall answer, if you come any more, you shall find your welcome as bad as may be, and for want of entertainment, you shall doe your account at the doore, and so Sir, if you be a Gentleman, be gone.

This cheared so the hart of Alexander, that in that very moment he left to be lealous, & conceived such a new loue towards Theodora, that hee could scarce abstaine from embracing her, but yet he bidded his affection, & seeing he could doe no good, took his leaue verie courteously. Hee was no sooner out of doore, but Theodora rose and shut it. Alexander subtilly stole vnder the window, to heare what shee would say, and according to his expectation, hee heard her say thus to her Landes-Ladie.

Oh (quoth she) and she fetcht a deepe sigh: How doth Fortune frowne, and how is the time iniurious, that men think golde able to bannish vertue, and Fame to bee lesse valued then treasure. Because I am poore, what, dooth Antwerpe thinke, I meane to make sale of my chastitie? and because

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extreamity hath bitten me by the beele: Do men thinke, pelse
 shall draw mee to become a wanton: no, I call him to witnes
 that knowes mine innocencie. I hold mine honour as deare
 as my life, and my constancy as pretious as the apple of mine
 eye: and though as the wise man writ, the dishonest woman
 saies, what, we are in the dark and compass in with the wals:
 feare not, no man can espie vs, yet the eye of the Lord sees al
 and he searcheth the heart and the reins, and punisheth such
 offences in iustice: Farre rather had I be openly blamed, be-
 ing innocent, than haue a good report with a guiltie consci-
 ence: for though I be wrongfully accused, yet the Lord is able
 at all times to raise vp a Daniell that may cleare them that
 put their trust in him. Pouertie, wante, extreamitie, mis-
 fortune, all seeme easie, being tempered with content and
 patience: but riches, treasure, prosperitie, and wealth, are o-
 dious, being tainted with the staine of an adulterous name.
 No Alexander, wheresoeuer thou beest, or whatsoeuer thy
 fortune is, or howe so euer thou hast wronged mee, yet thy
 faults shall not make mee offend, nor thy abuse draw mee to
 any prejudice: But I will bee loyall Theodora, the constant
 wife of Alexander for euer: for in the booke of **Wisdom** this
 I read.

Wisdom
 Chapter 4.

{ O how faire is a chaste generation with vertue,
 the memorial thereof is immortal: for it is kno-
 wen with God & men, when it is present, men
 take example therat, and if it go away, yet they
 desire it, it is alwaies crowned and houlden in
 honor, & winneth the reward of the vniuersall
 battaile.

With this she ceast, and fel to her spinning, and Alexander
 he went his way to find out the olde man, whome hee found
 solitarie in his houel As soone as he cast by his eye and saw A-
 lexander: Oh my sonne Alexander (quoth he) what newes?
 Alexander sate him downe, and fetchng a deepe sigh, said, fa-
 ther, I haue sinned, and wronged my wife with a false suspect:
 Now

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Now doe I find, that she that loueth loyally, may wel be crost with calamity, but neuer iustly accused of inconstancie: suspition may put in a false plea, but p^roofe neuer maintained the action, and with that he discourst from point to point, how he had dealt with Theodora, what p^roffers, what answers, and what she said in his absence. The olde man at this was very glad, and demaunded of him, howe hee felt him selfe from his former franticke humour: quight shaken off (quoth Alexander) and therefore now pul off your enchantment, that I may returne to my former shape, and home to my wife, which hee did, and after many good instructions (glad that hee had recald him from his iealousie) hee tooke his leaue of Alexander, who trimming bp himselfe like a pilgrime, departed towards Antwerpe, and in the euening comning thither, went to his fathers house. As soone as hee came in and was espied, they all ranne away as affraid of him: But when with reuerence his father saw him doe his duty, hee entertained him with teares, and demaunded of him, how he farde: Alexander said wel, and sate downe by him, and discourst to him at large all his fortunes, his meeting with the olde man, and what hadde happened, still crying at euerie sentence, how he had wzong'd his loouing Theodora: At this glad newes all his friends and kinsfolkes were sent for, and there at a solempne supper, the discourse of all was declared vnto them: They reioysed at his happy metamorphosis, and sozowed at the hard abuse they offered to Theodora.

But to make amends, the next day there was a great feast p^rouided, and all the chiefe of Antwerpe bidden thither as guests. Theodora was sent for, her husband and she reconciled, set into her former estate, held in great estimation for her constancy, and her husband euer after free from all suspicious iealousie.

NOW Sir Geoffrey Chawcer (quoth Gower) how like you this tale, is it not moze full of humanity, then your vaine and scarrulous inuention: and yet affecteth as much in the
the

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the mind of the bearers: are not graue sentences as forcible, as wanton principles: tush (quoth Chawcer) but these are not pleasant, they breed no delight, youth will not like of such a long circumstance. Our English Gentlemen are of the mind of the Athenians, that will sooner bee perswaded by a fable, than an Oracion: and induced with a merrie tale, when they will not be brought to any compasse with serious circumstances. The more pittis (quoth Gower) that they should bee so fond, as to be subiect to the delight of euery leud fancy, when the true badge of a Gentleman, is learning ioyned with ballour and vertue, and therefore ought they to read of Partiall Discipline, not of the sight of Venus: and to talke of hard labours, not to chat of foolish and effeminate amoures. Aristotle read not to Alexander wanton Elegies, but he instructed him in Morall precepts, and taught how to gouerne like a King, not how to court like a louer: But now a daies, our youtbes desire to read amorous pamphlets, rather then Philosophicall actions, and couet like Epicures rather to passe the time in some pleasant fable, then like Philosophers to spend the day in profitable Aphorismes: but when the blacke Ore hath trode on their foot, and that age hailes them on to olde yeares, and the Palme tree, as the Preacher saies, waxeth white, then will they repent those howers they haue spent in tossing ouer such fruitlesse papers. Therefore Greene take this of me, as thou hast written many fond woordes, so from hence forth attempt nothing but of worth: let not thy pen stoop so low, as vanity, nor thy wit be so far abused to paint out any precepts of fancie, but flie higher with the Hobbie: soare against the sun with the Eagle: carry spices into thy nest with the Phoenix: & doe nothing but worthe thy wit and thy learning. Is not a Diamond as sone cut as a pebble: a rose as sone planted as a weed: a good booke as easilie pend, as a wanton Pamphlet? Then Green, giue thy selfe to write either of humanitie, and as Tullie did, set downe thy mind *de officiis*, or els of Morall vertue, and so be a profitable instructor of manners: doe as the Philosophers did, seeke to bring youth to vertue, with setting downe Ariomes of good liuing, and doe not perswade young Gentlemen

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Gentlemen to folly, by the acquainting themselves with the idle woꝝkes. I tell thee, booke are companions, and friends, and counsaillors, and therefore ought to bee true, honest, and discret, least they corrupt with false doctrine, rude manners, and vicious living: Or els penne some thing of naturall philosophie. Dine down into the Aphorismes of the Philosophers and see what nature hath done, and with thy pen paint that out to the world: let them see in the creatures the mightinesse of the Creator, so shalt thou reape report woorthy of memorie. Thus Greene haue I counsailed thee, and the seven liberal Sciences lie before thee as subiects whereon to write. Leaueloue and her follies, let Venus bee a starre to gaze at, or els, if thou wilt needs Poetically haue her a Woman, accept her an infamous strumpet to wonder at: let fancie alone, and medle no more with affection: thou hast said enough, and if Augustus had liued, as much as would haue deserued banishment. Now that I haue counsailed thee, tell me Greene, what thinkest thou of my aduertizement? howe art thou resolved? Wilt thou not repent of thy time mispent, in penning such fruitlesse pamphlets? Rising vpper reuerently with my Cap in my hand, I made them this answer.

The Authours answer to Gower and Chawcer.

Learned, & laweꝛ, whose censures are Authentical: I haue noted your woꝝds with such attention, that my minde is cleared of that doubt, wherewith it hath bene long blemished: For now I perceiue Father Chawcer, that I followed too long your pleasant vaine, in penning such Amourous woꝝkes, and that y same that I sought after by such trauail, was nothing but smoke. I did with the Southerne wind bring in clouds to
destroy

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Destroy my selfe, and like the Smith, make a tole to breede
 mine one bane; and hunt after fame, when in deedes I found
 the ready path to infamy. My pamphlets haue past the presse,
 and some haue giuen them praise, but the graneest sort, whose
 mouthes are the trumpets of true report, had spoken hardlie
 of my labours: For which, if sorrow may make amendes, I
 hope to acquite some part of my misse with penance, and in
 token (Father Gower) that what my tongue speaketh, my
 heart thinketh: I will begin from hence forth to hate all such
 follies, and to write of matters of some import: either Moral
 to discover the adue course of vertue, how man should direct
 his life to the perfect felicity, or els to discourse as a Natura-
 list, of the perfection that Nature hath planted in her crea-
 tures, thereby to manifest the excellent gloze of the maker:
 or some Politicall Arimones, or Canonically preceptes that
 may both generally and perticularly profite the Common-
 wealth. Hence forth Father Gower, farewell the insight I
 had into loques secrets, let Venus rest in her spheare, I will be
 no Astronomer to her influence, let affection die, and pe-
 rish as a vapour that vanissheth in the aire, my yeares growe
 towarde the grave, and I haue had bouts enough with fan-
 cy: They which helde Greene for a patron of loue, and a se-
 cond Ouid, shal now thinke him a Timon of such lineaments,
 and a Diogenes that will barke at euery amorous pen. One-
 ly this (father Gower) I must end my *Nunquam sera est*, and
 for that I craue pardon: but for all these follies, that I may
 with the Minuites, shew in sackcloth my hartly repentance:
 loke as speedily as the presse wil serue for my mourning gar-
 ment, a weede that I knowe is of so plaine a cut, that it will
 please the grauest eie, and the most precise eare. Thus father
 Gower, thy counsaile hath made me a conuert & a penitent
 deeply sorrowfull for the follies of my penne, but promising
 here that no idle fancies shall grow any moze from my con-
 ceit, hoping you will take my hand for a patrone of the faith of
 my promise, I rest yours in all humble duty. At this Gower
 tooke mee by the hand, and smilde, and Chawcer shak his
 head and fumed: All thre rising, and ready to depart when the
msdow

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Shadow was all shadowed with a light, which suddenly vanished: and there appeared a man in great royaltie, attyzed gorgeous, in the habite of a King: carrying such gravitie in his countenance, as it strooke both feare and reverence into my thoughts: At his presence Chawcer and Gower abasht, and both putting off their Bonnets, fell on their knees: my selfe in a great maze, did him such duty as belongde to a Potentate: but still mine eye gasped on the man, whose description take thus.

The discription of Salomon.

His stature tall, large, and hie,
Lim'd and featur'd beauteouslie,
Chest was broad armes were strong.
Lockes of Amber passing long,
That hung and waued vpon his necke,
Heavens beautie might they checke.
Visage faire and full of grace,
Mild and sterne, for in one place,
Sate mercie meeklie in his eie:
And Iustice in his lookes hard by.
His Roabes of Bisce, were crimson hew,
Bordred round with twines of blew:
In Tyre no richer filke solde,
Ouer braided all with golde:
Costly set with pretious stone,
Such before I nere saw none.
A massie Crowne vpon his head,
Checquerd through with Rubies red.
Orient Pearle and bright Topace,
Did burnish out each valiant place.
Thus this Prince that seemed sage,
Did goe in royall Equipage.

This gorgeous Potentate drew nere me, and taking me
by the hand, lifted me vp from the place where I knaled,

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and said thus: My son, they which respect their fame, are the children of wisdom: & such as feare the danger of report, shall be boulden vertuous. I know thy thoughts by thy looks, and thy face bewaies thy resolution. The *Pro et contra* these haue had about thy pamphlets, them I heard, though thou hast not seene me, and I haue equally weighed their censures: Chawcers opinion hath his, Maister Gower refelled, and made them by his counsaile peremptory to leaue the follies of thy penne and all wanton Amours, to betake them to Philosophy and higher laboures: but to diuert thee from that opinion my sonne am I come to put knowledge in thy lippes, and to teach thee wisdom. I am hee that craved it of the Lord, and he gaue me it, and made me wiser then the sons of men. Therfore harken to my words, and let my sayings sink down into thy heart, so shalt thou be honored in the streets, & bee had in estimation befoze the Magistrate. Wisdom my sonne is more worth then pretious stones, yea, all the things that thou canst desire, are not to be compared to it. Wisdom hath her dwelling with knowledge, and prudent counsaile is hir own: with her is the fear of the Lord and the eschewing of ill. As so pride and disoaine, and a mouth that speaketh foolish things, she vtterly abhorreth them. She giues counsaile, & is a guide, and is full of vnderstanding and strength: through her kings raig: through her, princes make iust laws: through hir, Lords beare rule, & Judges of the earth execute iudgement: she is louing to those that loue her, and they that seeke hir early, shall find hir. Riches and hono: are with her: yea, excellent goodnes and righteousness: her fruit is better then golde, & hir encrease more worth, than fine silver. The Lord himself hath hir in possession, therfore harken to hir, so blessed is yman that watcheth at hir dore: who so findeth hir, findeth life, and shall obtaine fauour of the Lord, and who so offendeth against hir, hurteth his own soule: and who so hateth her, is the louer of death. If then my Sonne, Wisdom be so pretious, howe hast thou mispent thy youth, that hast haunted after foolishnesse and beaten thy braines about idle fancies, and yet art now resolving to continue in vanitie: I tell thee, I haue sought

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sought out to finde what is perfect vnder the Sonne: and I
haue found nothing but wisdome, without blemish.

Learning hath many branches, and teacheth her Schol-
lers many strange things, and yet my Sonne, when thou
hast waded the depth of hir knowledge, and sought into the
secret of her bosome, thou shalt finde all thy labours to be
veration of minde and vanitie. Canst thou number and ex-
tract, as the cunning Arithmetician: or with Geometrie
measure the ground, and leuell out the plaines by the excel-
lencie of thine arte. Canst thou reach vnto the heauens with
thy knowledge, and tell the course of the Starres, setting
downe their aspects, oppositiones, times, and fertiles, and dis-
course of the influence of euery Star: canst thou with mu-
sic please thine eare, and with the melodie of hir Cordes
make thy heart merrie: Canst thou tell the secrets of Philo-
sophie, and like a cunning naturalist, discover the hidden a-
ppozitions of arte, and set out the nature and operation of all
things: wel my sonne, say thou canst write of all these things,
yet when thou dost with a carefull insight, enter into the
consideration, what the end of all is, thou shalt finde the stu-
die of them to be vtter veration of minde, and vanitie: and
the same that growes from such labours, to vanish awaye
like smoke, or a vapour tossed with the winde: If then all be
follye, seeke Wisdome, and she will teach thee the feare of the
Lord. Wherefore my Sonne, follow my counsell from hence,
sooth, as thou hast made a vowe to leaue effeminate fancies,
and to proclaim thy selfe an open enemye to loue: so abiure
all other studies, seeing *Omnia sub caelo vanitas*, and onely giue
thy selfe to Theologie: be a Deuine my Sonne, for her do-
cuments are seueritie, and her food is the bread of life: hir
principles came from Heauen, and hir wordes came from
aboue, so shalt thou make amends for the follies of thy
youth, and as thou hast seduced youth by thy wanton Pam-
phlets: so shalt thou instruct them by thy godlie labours.
Diuinitie, whie it is a studie that farre surpasseth all the se-
uen liberall sciences, and the least sparke that it doth lighten,
is more bright then all their fading glories: it comprehendeth

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the lawe of the Lorde : and by it shalt thou knowe what the depth of his will is. Theologie is mother of all knowledge, for from it cometh health of the soule, and through it thou shalt win men vnto heauen. When my Sonne, leaue all other vaine studies, and applye thy selfe to seide vpon that heavenly Manna, whose taste shall comforte thy heart, and drinke of those waters, which shall spring in thee a well of life, and so shalt thou reconer thy same that thou hast lost, and be accounted of amongst the Elders of the Cittie. Couet not to blinde thy selfe with the illusions that other artes present vnto thee: for so shalt thou haue the portion of the fowle, and the end of thy labours shall be vanitie: for all knowledge except it, is mere follie: and there is no wisdom, but the knowledge of the law of the Lord.

Therefore be not wise in thine owne conceit, for he that will not heere instruction, shall feele the smart of the rodde. Diuinitie I tell thee, is the true wisdom, and vpon his right hand is long life, and vpon his left hand is riches and honour: her wayes are pleasant, and her pathes are peaceable: she is a tree of life to them that lay hold vpon her, and blessed are they that keepe her fast. The first point of wisdom, is, that thou be willing to obtaine wisdom, and when thou hast got her, shee will make thee a gracious head, and garnish thy temples with a Crowne of glorie: if thou, my Sonne, all knowledge, all sciences, all artes, all learning except Theologie, be mere foolishnesse and vanitie: leaue the quiddities of Logick, and aphorismes of Philosophie: and applye thy wits onely to diuinitie. Would not these precepts light, that I haue given thee, nor disdayne not my counsaile, for I that speake to thee am Salomon.

And this he spake with such a maiestie, that the terrour of his countenance afrighted me, and I started and awooke, and found my selfe in a dreame: yet Gentlemen, when I entered into the consideration of the vision, and called to minde not onely the counsaile of Gower, but the perswasions of Salomon: a sodaine feare tainted euery limme, and I felt a
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honor in my conscience, for the follies of my Penne : where-
upon, as in my dreame so awake, I resolved peremptorie,
to leaue all thoughts of loue, and to applye my wits as nere
as I could, to seeke after wisdom so highly commended by
Salomon : but howsoever the direction of my studies
shall be limited me, as you had the blossomes of my
wanton fancies, so you shall haue
the fruites of my better
laboures.

FINIS. Rob. Greene.



Imprinted at London for *Thomas*
Newman, and are to be sould at his shop
in Fleetstreete, in Saint Dunstons
Churchyard.